THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

VOL. I.] *Boston, Saturday, February* 27, 1808. [No. 19.

ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 116.

THE Wanderer has received the following Biography of Massinger, from a friend and valuable correspondent; and though the department of the essayist might properly exclude such a communication; yet the Wanderer not only publishes it with pleasure, but requests a further account of the writings of this ancient poet, from the same source.

TO THE WANDERER.

PHILLIP MASSINGER.

THE writings of Massinger are little known and less appreciated in this country. But this is not wonderful; we are as much governed by fashion in literature, as in dress. While Doct. Goldsmith's "Earth and Animated Nature" produced a little fortune to the publisher, many a more meritorious work has been productive only of loss. Phillip Massinger was born at Salisbury in England, in 1584. His father, Arthur Massinger, was a retainer in some shape or other in the service of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke. The situation and merits of the father were probably considerable, as we find the son educated at Oxford, at the expense of the noble earl. He entered this university in his 18th year, a commoner; but his father dying soon after, and his patron's favour withdrawing, he left it without obtaining a degree.—He was now obliged to work for his support. Whilst at the university, his genius took a poetical, rather than a scientific bias; and now, that he was set afloat in the world, his only resource was dramatic composition.—But the time was unfavourable for a new candidate for favour. Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher, who preceded him in the path to fame, had gathered so many laurels in their progress, that Massinger, who soon after traced their footsteps, found only here and there a sprig to beguile the tediousness of the toil. He remained during the long period of sixteen years, from 1606 to 1622 scarcely known to the world in the profession he had adopted. A proof that there is, as he himself remarks,

> "No virtue
> But in abundance, and no vice but want."

His first printed play, "The Virgin Martyr," a tragedy, made its first appearance on the stage in 1622; but is not understood to have been particularly celebrated. Of the indigence in which it is recorded he always was immerged, there is evidence, both internal and external. The strain of his dedications is such, as render us firm

in this belief. His language is humble, sycophantic and importunate; he says it would have been difficult to subsist, had he not received pecuniary aid from his benefactors. He was also one of three, who solicited a manager of that time, for five pounds to relieve them from the horrors of a jail. Yet Massinger was not addicted to any vice or imprudence; he was polite in his manners, and fertile in conversation; and though he never made an enemy; he never was above indigence. Such was the situation of a distinguished poet in the reigns of James and Charles 1st; the name of Massinger can be added to those of Otway and Savage, to prove, at the same time, the extent to which human genius has aspired in Great-Britain, and the indelible neglect with which such talents were rewarded. The English name derives not more lustre from their splendid talents, than the English character imbibes disgrace from suffering them to continue to their deaths depressed by poverty, and assaulted by misfortune. Phillip, Earl of Montgomery, was one of the most distinguished patrons of Massinger; and though probably he very sparingly supplied him, yet the name of the Earl is remembered, because of its connection with that of the poet.

Massinger, there is now no doubt, was coadjutor with Fletcher, in many of his plays; this is proved by Mr. Malone, who brings forward a letter which he discovered in Dulwich college, wherein Massinger, and Field, and Robert Daborne, claim five pounds from the profits of a play which they had written jointly with Fletcher. Massinger is supposed by Mr. Gifford to have been converted to the Roman Catholic religion, from several passages in his plays indicative of respect for it; but this ideais doubted, on the presumption, that the passages in question only refer to ceremonies and ordinances with which the Protestant faith was at that early period essentially corrupted. After a life thus wretched and miserable, he died in March 1640, being aged fifty-six years, at his house in Bankside, Southwark. He was buried with some solemnity by the side of Fletcher, a congenial spirit and fellow poet.

The life of Massinger presents but little incident for the use of the biographer; and it is now too late to grope backwards into the darkness of oblivion to find those memorials which exist respecting him, and which may be both thinly scattered, and of uncertain authority. We must content ourselves with what has descended to us in regular order. It appears that he was concerned in the composition of thirty eight plays, seventeen only of which have ever been printed. He was indefatigable in his literary pursuits, and never ceased to write to the day of his death. He composed in Tragedy, Comedy and Tragi-Comedy; but his genius lay in the first. The names of his plays with which we are acquainted by publication, are The Roman Actor, The Fatal Dowry, The Duke of Milan, The Virgin Martyr, and The Unnatural Combat, tragedies; The Renegado, The City-Madam, The Great Duke of Florence, The Bondman, The Guardian, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, and The Bashful Lover, comedies; and The Picture, The Maid of Honour, The Emperor of the East, and A Very Woman, or the Prince

of Tarent, tragi-comedies. Of this catalogue we know not the chronological arrangement. Mr. Gifford has procured another play, entitled The Parliament of Love, which although several leaves are destroyed by damps and accident, is a valuable accession to Massinger's printed works

Of Massinger so little is actually known, that we are obliged to infer from his works, and the language of his panegyrists, our idea of his personal character. His poverty, however is intirely undisputed. "Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superior to him in abilities, had their period of good fortune, their bright as well as their stormy hours; but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; his life was all one wintry day, and shadows, clouds and darkness rested on it." He passed "a life of uncomplaining poverty and honourable exertion." From his writings it is evident he was loyal but free from tyrannical pride; he had a proper sense of political freedom, and did not restrain his opinions.

The works of Massinger, have been reduced by accident; twelve manuscript plays are said to have been destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant; with whom they were left without any intimation of their value. It appeared that among fifty-two plays, which the cook had used in covering pies, twelve were written by Massinger—All that can be now supposed to exist out of thirty eight which he wrote are eighteen There has been four editions of Massinger: the first printed from Coxeter's papers by Dill the bookseller, 1759. Two years afterwards, this was re-edited by Davies, to whom we are indebted for editions of many old poets. In 1777, another edition was published by Monkmason; and in 1805, Mr. Gifford gave his edition to the public. Mr. Gifford derides the labours of former editors to exalt his own; and though his own are exceedingly valuable, it was not necessary to attack his predecessors with such unmerciful severity—and derision.

The works of Massinger, though they will not please on beng compared with those of Shakespeare, will not materially suffer in competition with any other dramatic poet. And even Shakespeare cannot boast of superiority, in clearness and perspicuity of style. Massinger never confounds his periods in involusion of sentiment, nor obscures them by metaphysical subtlety; his language is a stream, neither overflowing nor deep, but passing on with a current of great rapidity, beautifully diversified in its course. The defects of Massinger's compositions, are chiefly to be found in his plans. His plots are always too extravagant, and are sometimes outrageously absurd. "The Unnatural Combat," in which a father and son are described as most inveterate foes; where the father loves the daughter, and attempts her honor; and where, for the sake of the daughter, he had before murdered the mother, and still pursues the son, is so monstrous, that the mind shrinks from the contemplation of the idea. Another defect is that his characters are not accurately defined and well-preserved; this arises from a want of that attentive observation on life which has rendered Shakespeare immortal. Amidst all this extravagance of plot and neglect of probability, Massinger seems perfectly to understand himself, and to have pre-

viously conceived the manner in which improbability should be conveyed. In that part of composition which is distinguished by the name of dramatic, in distinction to poetical ability, as is generally understood, Massinger is singularly happy. His story always progresses under his hand, and every touch, while it confers on the picture additional beauty, also bestows *new life*, and evidently brings it nearer a conclusion—As the characters of Massinger are sometimes intolerably vicious. so his language is sometimes profane; but his morality is so pure, that both his bad characters and language are held up to derision or hatred. Massinger's diction in his serious moments, is purer than that of Shakespeare, Jonson, or Fletcher. His thoughts have uncommon boldness, manliness, and business-like bustle; but his characters have so few personal peculiarities, that the thought of one may often be easily transferred to another without difficulty or hesitation.

He is not remarkably successful in comedy; his humor is hard, strained and confined; but his tragedy is prompt, flowing and powerful. The tenderness of character which he gives to females, is a remarkable trait of his productions; he always makes them fortunate, beloving and beloved. He thinks with so much judgment, and vigor of imagination, that Doct. Ireland observes, he knows of no writer of his class, from whom more maxims of prudence, morality or religion may be drawn. In short, Massinger is a useful writer, because his thoughts are practical; he is an estimable one, because they are good, religious, animated and sublime.

HORATIO.

THE DRAMA.

No. 16.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 24.

THERE is little doubt that The Merry Wives of Windsor was written at the earnest desire of Queen Elizabeth, who was so much delighted with the humour of Sir John Falstaff in Henry 4th. that she wished the poet to introduce him in a play, where he should be represented in love. Shakespeare complied with the request of the queen, with promptness and dispatch; as is evident by its being produced in the short time of six weeks. As to the chronology of this production, nothing is very precisely ascertained. It is highly probable, according to Warburton, that it was composed in 1601; and from some allusions in the play, pointed out by Theobald, it is fair to infer, that it could not have been written until after the year 1598: the former seems a rational time to establish.

The humours of this production so strongly arrest the attention, are so various, distinct. and natural, that it is almost impossible, after beginning to read the play, not to finish it at the first sitting. The character of Ford is one of the most national eve. drawn; and the scenes between him and Falstaff are irresistibly comic. Falstaff himself does not fasten so much upon the attention in this play, as in the first part of Henry 4th; many of the allusions are copied from that play, and the witticisms in some degree fatigue by repetition. Yet notwithstanding the account of the incident of the buck-basket. though it have to encencounter the disadvantage of being both represented and related, never fails to exite convulsive laughter, when properly humoured by the performer.

It would be difficult to find in any two dramas, of any other author than Shakespeare, so many comic parts as are exhibited in this celebrated comedy; all so well drawn, and the characters of each so distinctly preserved, that the language applies to them and them alone. Falstaff, Ford, Shallow, the Host of the Garter, Bardolph, Doct. Caius, Sir Hugh Evans, Mrs. Quickly, Mrs. Page, and Slender, are all distinct and all characteristic

The incidents succeed each other in rapid succession, but do not always make the story progress; they are casual and indifferent to the plot, and while they do not much retard, do not promote it. The humour, however, generally satisfies, and the result of the whole play is good-humour, merriment, and laughter.

The performance of this comedy so celebrated for its history and so laughable for its wit, had excited expectation and desire. Mr. Harwood in particular, from his previous personation of Falstaff, had so satisfied the severity of criticism, that curiosity to witness the present attempt could only be allayed by representation. Mr. Harwood, therefore, had to encounter his former success, if we may be allowed the phrase, and combat the defects of the new Falstaff. For though it is incident to Shakespeare alone, to represent the same characters in different plays, the Falstaff of the Merry Wives of Windsor, is no more the Falstaff of Henry 4th; than the shadow of an image is the image itself. Yet there were many points of humour intirely blunted; and instead of producing laughter, created displeasure. The description of the buck-basket adventure was essentially deficient in characteristic relation. His scenes with Ford were better exhibited, and raised more frequent smiles; yet although the whole part was deficient in interest, we believe it arose rather from the surrounding impediments, than from any inherent deficiency.

Ford was played by Usher without much success. It is a part that requires study, and with study may be made great. It is nearly as good as the Kitely of Ben Jonson, and is generally played by Kemble at Covent-Garden.

Mr. Caulfield, in Sir Hugh Evans, we believe was a successful imitator of some celebrated comedian; perhaps Blanchard might have been his prototype. He was for a wonder somewhat correct in his part.

The other male characters deserve indiscriminate censure; and from the darkness of general defect, we could not discover a gleam of perfection, to enliven our observations with praise.

We never knew Mrs. Stanley so inaccurate in her part, and so deficient in stage-business, as in Mrs. Ford. She was dressed in an appropriate manner; but this is no compensation for the great defect just noticed. On the whole we never knew more general displeasure excited by a representation, than on this evening; and the miserable deficiency of the performance sinks it so much below criticism, that general animadversion is the only channel in which we can convey an opinion.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

Bishop Newton, speaking of the above *Lives of the Poets*, says, that " malevolence predominates in every part; and that, though some " passages are judicious and well written, yet they make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour." Such is the language which has been used by Dunes, whether Reviewers, Bishops, or Scotchmen, against a work, the pride of the last century, and one of the brightest ornaments of the English literature.

GREAT MEN.

Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was a very great man: even Bolingbroke, who certainly was not prejudiced in his favour, allows him to have been " th greatest general as well as the greatest minister, that our country or perhaps any other has produced." Yet Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was illiterate to an extreme; of an understanding totally uncultivated; and in which, if you could have crept under the glare of his exterior, you would probably have discerned weaknesses, equal to those of the weakest

men.—Julius Cæsar was a very great general, and a very great statesman; but he was more. Julius Cæsar was a man of letters, and a fine writer; had a most comprehensive as well as cultivated understanding; and, withal, a most uncommon greatness of soul. Julius Cæsar is, in my humble opinion, the *greatest* man upon record. —Lewis XIV, like many other tyrants surrounded by pimps and flatterers, had the title of Great conferred upon him: but Lewis's greatness was to real greatness what the bombast is to the sublime or the *simulacra* of Epicurus to real bodies.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Multum agentes nihil agendo, hath usually been said of those officious, busy, fluttering things, who are always in a hurry, yet doing nothing: but it may justly be said of man in general. Upon what poor uninteresting objects is he perpetually employed, and with what importance and most serious concern! "Is that the point," said the philosopher, looking contemptuously down upon the earth, "Is that the point, which so many nations are "partitioning with fire and sword?" When Alcibiades was pluming himself upon his numerous farms and possessions, Socrates drily asked to see them upon a map of the earth, which was hanging before them: not unlike a Grand Seignior, who, enquiring where England was, which *made so much disturbance*, was desired to remove his thumb, which hid it upon the map. In short, life, as instituted and conducted by mankind in general, is all vanity, folly, and madness; our speculations nothing but a *Comedy of Errors*, our actions *Much ado about Nothing*.

TO GENERAL CROMWELL.

By Milton.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd;
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath.
Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war; new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By Charlotte Smith.

Poor melancholy bird, that all night long,
Tell'st to the moon, thy tender tale of woe;
Say, whence this mournful melody of song,
From what sad cause can such sweet sorrows flow
A prison's victims wer't thou once among,
Though now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove;
Or hast thou felt, from friends, some cruel wrong,
Art thou the martyr of disast'rous love!
Ah! songstress sad that such *my* lot might be,
To sigh and sing, *at liberty* like thee.

The liberty for which the lady sighed, if I mistake not was afterwards procured by that useful pacifier of nuptial jarrs, a Proctor in Doctors Commons.

Some time after a late nobleman had abjured the Roman Catholic

religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment, a noble duke, his near relation, rallying him on the score of religion, asked his lordship whether the ministers of state, or the mintiters of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion. "Good God, my lord duke! replied the witty peer, "how can you ask me such a question? Do you not know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession."

Colonel Bond, who had sat as one of the judges on the trial of King Charles the First, died a day or two before Cromwell; who, it was strongly reported, was likewise dead. "No, no," said a gentleman who had better information; "he has only given Bond to the devil for his future appearance."

VULGAR INHUMANITY.

Most decent frequenters of the London theatres, have, at different times, had their ears assaulted by loud exclamations of "Play up Nosey," thundered from the gallery; and at a period, when the cause which first produced it, had long ceased to exist, and by many, at this time is not understood.

This outrage on public feeling was first occasioned by Cervetto, a performer on the violin, whose nose was unfortunately the most prominent feature in his face.

In consequence of this unlucky malformation, a man of inoffensive life and decent manners, was regularly persecuted by the galleries for many years, and at last actually compelled to abandon the only means by which he was able to procure a livelihood.

This preposterous, but not uncommon species of cruelty, was attacked by a satirical poet, (I believe Mr Murphy) who lashed the popular follies of that day, in a sensible and spirited performance.

Have ye not roar'd, from pit to upper rows,
And all the jest was what—a fiddler's nose.
Pursue your mirth each night, the joke is stronger,
For as you fret the man, his nose grows longer.

Of Cervetto, Mr Garrick used to relate the following circumstance. In one of the most interesting scenes of a favorite part, when the attention of the whole house was rivetted on this excellent actor, the long-nosed musician gave vent to a long yawn, and so loud, as to be heard by every one.

The manager was considerably vexed, and sending for the offender immediately after the play, demanded an explanation. "I ask ten thousand pardons," said the fidler in broken English; "but I always yawn extremely loud when any thing interests me very much." With this artful apology, he left the room, after being told, that in future he must suppress so singular a symptom of approbation.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD-CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON.

While this great Lawyer continued at the Bar, he went the Western Circuit, and being of lively parts and warm temper, he was like some other Lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary instance of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence, Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross-examin-

ed by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the Court had adjourned, and the Lawyers were all together at the White Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a Gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley had entered into the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. 'Friend Henley,' said he, 'I cannot call thee; for thou hast used me most scurrilously. Thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity: but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand, and will have, satisfaction. Here are two swords, here are two pistols; choose thy weapons, or fight me at fisty cuffs if thou hadst rather; for fight me thou shalt before thou leavest this room, or beg my pardon.' Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, that it was nothing more than the usual language of the Bar, that what was said in Court should not be questioned out of Court; Lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth, but such speeches died in speaking; he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he really had forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it; upon his word and honour he never meant to give him the least offence, but if undesignedly he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction. 'Well,' said Mr. Reeve, 'as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room.' Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and some delay, submitted to the condition; and thus this fray ended. No farther notice was taken on either side, till after some years the Lord-chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was coming into the port of Bristol, with a couple of pipes of Madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and the duty, and to cause the vessels to be put into a waggon, and sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him. All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with several of the Nobility and Gentry. After dinner the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

The latitudinarian who thinks severity useful in reclaiming an erring brother, is inspired by the same spirit which animated our bloody Mary, and her tyrannic father, Henry the eighth; in a word, an intolerant freethinker, a republican despot, a Christian without charity or humility, are shocking and contradictory paradoxes, and disgraceful to *every* cause they attempt to support.

SCAPULA.—The origin of his Greek Lexicon is not generally known. It may be adduced as a proof that good sometimes proceeds from evil. He was employed by Henry Stephens in correcting the press while the cele-

brated *Thesaurus Linguæ Græcæ* was printing.—Scapula, who was a man of learning, judged that an abridgment of that great work would have an extensive sale. He privately extracted from every sheet what was the most useful part, and within the capacity of common students. By this dishonest measure, he produced a work which in a great measure defeated the end, and ruined the hopes of Stephens, whose great dictionary in four volumes folio was within the reach of few scholars. Reduced to poverty by this disappointment, poor Stephens often said that his *Treasurer* had ruined him.

AN ITALIAN SONNET TRANSLATED.

I ask'd of Time; to whom was rear'd the mass
Whose ruins now thou crumblest with the soil!
He answer'd not, but fiercer shook his glass,
And flew with swifter wings to wider spoil.
I ask'd of Fame; O thou, whose breath supplies
Life to high works of wonder! What remains?
Abash'd to earth, she bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who sighing silently complains.
Lost in amaze, I turn'd my steps aside,
When o'er each step I saw Oblivion stride
With haughty mien, and air of deep design:
Thou, then, I cry'd, may'st know—Ah! deign declare.
Stern she reply'd, hoarse thunder rent the air,
'Whose once it was, I seek not—now 'tis mine.'

The 1st volume of the "Cabinet of Polite Literature," consisting of *Songs* only, which is published by Russell and Cutler, deserves a place on the toilette of every lady, fond of either music or poetry. We presume the selection is the most rare, classical and poetical, which has ever been printed in this country, and as such we recommend it for general circulation—The following Songs, are extracted.

ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round,
And shou'd a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? stranger—quickly tell;"
"A friend,"—the word—"Good night—all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer, ho! Brother, quickly tell,
"Above! Below! Good night! all's well."

MIDNIGHT.

Lightly tread;—'tis hallow'd ground;
Hark! above—below—around;
Fairy bands their vigils keep
Whilst frail mortals sink to sleep.

And the moon with feeble rays
Glides the brook that bubbling plays,
As in murmurs soft it flows,
Music sweet for lovers' woes.

GARRICK.

When Packer, who lately died, was a young man, and engaged at Drury-lane theatre at a low salary, he was one day attending the rehearsal of a new play, at a time when Garrick was occupied on the stage in an affecting scene, and accidentally let fall his hat; a circumstance which much disconcerted the manager, who on such occasions considered the smallest interruption as a very great offence. At the end of the scene, he strutted in great wrath up to the offender, and was proceeding to pronounce the dreadful sentence of dismissal from the theatre, when Packer in humble guise, besought his attention for a moment.—"Indeed, Sir," said he, "I am not morally responsible for this act.—My nerves sir, my nerves could not

withstand the electric shock of your wonderful delineation of this new part."—" Ha! what? ha!" said the *little great man*, lowering his tone —' Well, well, do take care in future.' Ten shillings a week was added to Packer's salary from that day!

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

When the late *Mr. Gilbert Wakefield* published his proposals for a GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON, a gentleman who had, during a considerable time before, been employed on a similar work, desisted from it, on the supposition that Mr. Wakefield's was ready for the press. But as it appears from Mr. Wakefield's memoirs, that he had not proceeded much farther in the collection of materials than his interleaved Hederic, which has been destroyed by fire, the gentleman has resumed his own work, and will in a short time present the public with a copious and accurate GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON.

A beautiful Medal will soon be struck, from dies executing under the direction of Mr. Teed, Lancaster-court, in the Strand, in commemoration of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, from a model by Rowe, of Wm. Wilberforce, Esq.—the reverse from an appropriate design of Mr. Smirke.

A publication much wanted is now in the press, and will make its appearance soon, entitled, Oxonia Depicta, or a History of the Colleges and Halls of the University of Oxford. This will be illustrated with a complete series of Picturesque and Architectural Views by Messrs. Storer and Greig, who have lately taken drawings for the purpose. The letter-press is on a plan entirely new.

A new melo-drama, the Blind Boy, was produced on Monday night, December 1, at Covent-Garden, which is considered the best piece of the kind ever brought forward.

The difference in the specific weight of salt and fresh water has been exemplified by order of the Trinity House. Particular attention has been paid to the draught of a West-Indiaman, which on accurate admeasurement was found to be a foot greater in the West-India docks than in the Downs.

An account shewing what has been redeemed of the English National Debt, the Land Tax, and Imperial Loan, to 1st Nov. 1807.

Redeemed by annual millions	£.66,968,178
Do. by 11 per cent. per an. on Loans	61,622,815
Do by Land Tax	22,942,819
Do. by 11 per cent per an. Imp. Loan	814,729
Total	£.152,343,529

The Royal Academy has ajudged to Mr. Lascelles, a gold medal for his Judgment of Solomon, which was decided to be the best essay in historical painting.—A gold medal was then presented to Mr. C. A. Busby, for his production in Architectural Designs.

DOMESTIC.

Mess. Wm. P. Farrand & Co. Philadelphia, have in press, Blackstone's Commentaries with Christian's Notes; BUTLER'S *Horae Judicæ Subsecivæ* with Notes, by an eminent American Civilian, and *Selwyn's Nisi Prius*, part second.

C. & A. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, have published a New and greatly improved *Family Physician* intitled, *The Planter's and Mariner's Medical Companion*, by James Ewell of Savannah.

Joseph Greenleaf, Boston, has put to press The Wild Irish Girl, by Miss Owenson—being the fourth American edition.

POETRY.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR, VERSIFIED.

Hail, lonely beam! star of descending night!
Fair gleams, in western skies, thy paly light.
As, from thy cloud[illegible] shades the mountain's brow,
Thou shin'st superior on the plains below
As through the regions of the sullen air,
Thou stalk'st serenely bright, what see'st thou there?
The storm no longer whistles o'er the heath;
No more the ghost resounds the shrieks of death;
By the grey stream is sunk his gleaming shade,
Where lightnings flash'd, and the red meteors play'd.
O'er the steep cliff the tumbling torrents roar,
Their murm'ring waters echoing from the shore.
The evening insect leaves is oozy cave,
And hums its light wing o'er the trembling wave.
But thou, sweet light, dissolv'st in clouds away,
And bath'st in ocean's realm thy cheerful ray.
Farewell then! go, illume the darken'd skies,
And let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

Poets, says Horace, who expect
Their verses should for ever live,
Nine years each poem must neglect,
Ere they the final polish give.
This rule might suit the Roman bard;
But will not modern poets smile,
To think, if they the sale retard
Nine years—how they must live the while!

From a word of five syllables take away one,
This discovery then will be plain,
That tho' from the word but one syllable 's gone,
No syllable there will remain

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

(CONTINUED.)

Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!
Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity, where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow!
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless pray'rs, the whole artillery giv'n
To win the mercies of offended heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
Tho' meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself the still-empoisoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart:

My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.

Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight-sky
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where e'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud Hosannas shake the shrines around
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much-injured has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For evr'y object brings her to my soul.
Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew:
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But, lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade;
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd by infamy from tongue to tongue.
Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill!
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Sythian to a smile:
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Friends in my veins, and hell within my breast.
Aid me fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me, and, ye saints! refine!
Ye sacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls!
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend
Friend, did I say? immortals! what a name
Can dull, cold friendship own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmths bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouze, while heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.

(To be continued.)

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,
By DAVID CARLISLE, *No.* 5, *Court Street*